

Cannot be head by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* He waffe thee to thy death, go Walter take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poole.

*Suff.* Poole?

*Cap.* Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sincke and durt,  
He stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene,  
Shall sweep the ground, and thou that  
Smildest at good duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suff.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mighty Abradas,  
The great Macedonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* Yea but my deedes shall stay thy fury soon.

*Suff.* Hast not thou waited at my trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thine hand and held my stirrop?  
And barehead plodded by my footcloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I smild on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him, VValter, I say, and off with his head.

*1 Prif.* Good my lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* First let this neck stoope to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King,  
*Suffolkes* imperiall tongue cannot pleade  
To such a iady groome.

*Walter* Come, come, why do we let him speake?  
I long to haue his head, for ranfome of mine eie.

*Suff.* A sworder and bande to slaue,  
Murdered sweete Tully:

*Brutus*

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

*exii Suffolke, and Walter.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ranfomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her:  
Come lets go.

*exiunt omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy pike,  
and prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bin vp this  
two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now,  
But sirra George, whats the matter?

*George.* Why sirra, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

*Nick.* Yea mary he had need so, for tis growne threedbare,  
Twas neuer mery world with vs, since these gentlemē came vp  
*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a lord weare a  
leather aperne, now adaies.

*Nicke.* But sirra, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dick the Butcher, & Robin the Sadler,  
and Wil that came a wooing to our Nan last sunday, & Harry  
and Tom, & Gregory that should haue your Parnil, & a great  
sort more is come from Rochester, & from Maidstone, & Can  
terbury, & al the townes here abouts, and we must al be lords  
or squires, as soone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be coming.

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,*

*Harry and the rest with long staves.*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of sprats.

*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man, and a good Brick-laiier.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Brases.

*Wil.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

*F 3*

*Robin.*